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THE ART REVIEW

DEVOTED TO ART, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

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THE FLOWER-ANGEL.

BY R. W. H.



FAR from childhood's friends and home,
And scenes of griefless revelry,
I'm often lonely called to roam,
'Mid heartless, cold, reality.

But, treasured flower of sweetest ray,
I often meet with thee,
And as an angel in my way,
Thou ever art to me.
Thy gaily hath power to cheer,
The sadness years have given,
And bring life's morning visions near,
In which is garnered Heaven.

O what a long, bright, sunny day,
When first my garden walk
Was gladden by thy blushing ray,
Beside a chosen rock.

A little sister shared with me,
The wondrous holiday,
And many were the tones of glee,
Thou gavest to our play.

But language, unpropitious thou,
And most when most I seek,
Begone! for I have musings now,
That thou canst never speak.

Yet lovely, blushing, fragrant rose,
I would not worship thee,
For by thy light devotion glows
Upward to Deity.

PROVIDE ample gratification for the innate love of the beautiful, at home. Let the abode of childhood cherish and foster every refined taste and delicate sentiment. Chiefest of all, guard soul-beauty with jealous care.

PICTURE LESSONS.

BY M. D. W.

SAYS Madam Swetchine: "I pass over in silence the wealth whose acquisition implies only time and money, and come to the pictures, the memory of which never forsakes those who have studied them *con amore*. Every picture is a new idea. The impression it makes abides with us as a precious souvenir, mingling with our deepest emotions, and recalling them all."

Although this remark was made with special reference to those pictures which adorn the galleries of Europe; pictures from the hands of those master artists, who have moved the world, and offer incentives to study beyond those of more modern times; yet the sentiment expressed need not be limited to those grand works which she studied with intense pleasure and delight, aided by the celebrated Professor Visconti; but, in a greater or less degree, every picture teaches a lesson and impresses the heart for good or evil. How important, then, that such only be selected for the adornment of our homes as shall have an influence to elevate, refine, instruct, and give a right direction to thought. How carefully ought all those of an opposite tendency to be banished from our homes.

The morals of our children are affected far more by the pictures they study, than by the books they read. We all know how much more impressive are illustrations of scenes than the printed descriptions. The images thereby vivified, and reproduced on the tablet of mind are not easily erased. This power is increasingly realized by authors and publishers, hence the number of illustrated works is greatly multiplying year by year. A short time ago, an illustrated weekly periodical was very rare; now these are quite numerous. Some are almost unexceptional in their embellishments; others cater to a low and morbid appetite. Harper's illustrated periodicals may be classed among the former, and are well worthy the high position which they have gained; and yet these are not faultless.

In view of these considerations, we seek to

impress the duty of exercising a wise discrimination in the choice of illustrated books, periodicals, and pictures, for home adornment. Indifference in this matter is a sin. Our responsibility as parents is not limited to the authority we exercise over our children in respect to their duties to ourselves and to others; nor are the safeguards we throw around them bounded by the prohibitions involving the outward associations of life. The books we place at their disposal, and the pictures we hang upon our walls, are embraced. They are all educators, leaving abiding impressions on susceptible minds.

We pity, or perhaps smile, at the folly of the wealthy man who, in furnishing his new and elegant library-room, expressed no choice as to authors, but gave orders only to have the shelves filled with handsome and elegantly bound volumes, and yet he has imitators on a smaller scale. There are thousands of persons who buy a book simply for its beauty as an ornament to lay on the centre-table, or adorn the bookcase, utterly indifferent respecting the quality of its contents. One of cultivated mind, in the exercise of proper taste, would say: "Give me standard authors—their gems of thought, even though in plain and homely binding, rather than the trashy production of shallow brains, arrayed in green and gold."

It is not, however, needful to have either, and far from us is the desire to ignore, or, in the least, to depreciate, the love of the beautiful; but we would the rather direct it in the right channel, and combine the two by having the precious gems of thought enshrined in a beautiful casket, for the adage is not always true which says that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most."

The question then, "What pictures shall I hang on my walls?" is of equal weight with the one, "What books shall I put on my shelves?" Books and pictures are twin-sisters, and ought not to be separated; neither should be chosen for mere external beauty, but for ideas embodied. The fine artist transfers his thoughts, his spiritual conceptions, to the images drawn by his hand as really as does the author to the words his

pen inscribes. A picture destitute of expressive ideas; cold, unimpassioned in its beauty or grandeur, is not the picture for the home. Select one that affords subject for study, religiously or historically—one whose beauties are not such as break all at once on your vision, standing out in bold outline; being superficial, surface-like, they will soon weary; choose rather one of a more quiet character, possessing soft, shadowy, misty, half-hidden points, that have to be searched out after the bright, open, outstanding objects are examined. To such the eye will turn with increasing pleasure.

We have, in our room, a picture of this description, upon which we daily look with love. It is a rich chromo, representing a sweet child kneeling in her night robe, before a window draped with heavy crimson curtains, while the morning sun pours its light between, and falls in golden blessings on the upturned head of the darling as she offers her prayer to the loving Father above. This, too, has its lessons—lessons such as every Christian mother would seek to impress on tender hearts; and possesses also artistic skill sufficient to commend it to every home.

THE ARTIST-SUMMER.

BY J. F. GOODKINS.

To the dwellers in some studios spring comes with a promise of pleasure and relief few others of the brain workers of the world are heir to. Health and cash, rest and culture, with perfect independence, are all summed up to them in the words "A Summer's Sketching."

Nowhere on earth is there a region so accessible, yet having all desirable characteristics for artist's use, as the Sierra ranges of Colorado, New Mexico and our other Western possessions.

Immensely beyond the Alps in extent and entirely new to the art world as subjects, these mountains may yet serve a grand purpose, if in no other way, by affording material aid to the growth of a new and grander school of art than any the world has yet known. For it is not only that they are newly discovered and beautiful—they are free, and there is that influence and grandeur of freedom in their atmosphere that must vitalize Art in this country, or re-create it. Intensity and truth are parts of the American idea, inseparable from its largeness of purpose, and forth from the shadows of these hills great souls shall yet be born unto the land, intense, magnificent and true.

If artists of to-day, too—who have so long fun in the ruts of imitation, have dangled at the heels of fashion for patronage, and have worshiped at the ducat shrine with their little thank offerings of petty spites and jealousies as much as other folk,—may come to comprehend the full glory of American Art that is to be, the Rocky Mountains will be counted—not till then.

And for those newspapers that say they are tired of seeing Rocky Mountain pictures, they are but just somewhat more stupid and shallow than much of American Art.

What can the dwellers in the sooty towns,

or in the dull, moist atmosphere of the seacoast cities know of or accomplish in the illimitable glory of color, such as thrills the heart of him who dares the discomforts of the camp, who strengthens his arm and his patience alike by daily exercise with the high-hearted mule, and his *verve*, by marches, climbs, and hungering, and getting up before breakfast to see the sun paint, or rainbows half a mile wide? Or what can any one know of storm-battles who has only seen chimneys blow over, and hath not witnessed the charge of the Legion of cloud mountains upon cordilleras of rock and ice, with fire and scathings and smittings, and a voice like the crack of doom?

It makes the old man within the artist feel exceeding small, but the true art within the man very large indeed; for it saith unto him, "I can do that—so it will look so anyhow!"

Fifteen hundred dollars will pay all needful expenses, for six months, of two artists, living and travelling in the best and most comfortable way possible, in Colorado and New Mexico, and including railroad fares from New York to Denver, and return. Four months cost about as much as six. This allows for the purchase of all supplies, pair of good large mules, Schuttler wagon, tents, robes, blankets, and payment of hotel bills when stopping in the towns. Two saddles should also always be included in the outfit so that the mules may be made available for excursions where wheels cannot go. It is well to have mules of the ridable kind. It is an unpleasant though sketch-worthy sensation to find oneself shot like a bolt from a catapult from the back of a bucking mule.

The trout are very large and very plenty in the mountain streams, which are also plenty—a little too plenty sometimes in the number of times they manage to cross your road. The trout are—well—very splendid. They will *not* bite at the spurs of a man who rides along the banks of a stream. It is not true that they have ever been known to do so. Besides a true artist will scorn to use any such base means of supplying his skillet, and will prefer to spur on to fisherman's glory some other way. The man born of woman, full of trouble (for the trout), the grasshopper a burden—for a No. 6 hook, the long, lithe stems of the water birch that abounds, and the zeal, born of a splendid appetite, will often kill fifty pounds of trout in a day.

The roads are magnificent—in places they are also terrible, but are magnificent then, too, in the opportunities they afford for engineering—the whipl.

The air is very thin. It requires thickening three times a day, or so, with canned vegetables, salt pork, beef, preserved fruits, jellies and gelatine, etc., *ad lib.*, which should be taken along, with the game killed and the trout caught, and all else one can find to square a meal with. It is not advisable to take any comfort-liquids along. The disappointments connected with the endeavor to do so are too fearful. To discern at some interval of rest, after one's wagon has rolled and pitched and tossed and bounded from

rock to rock, a grateful fragrance on the air, awakening dreamy memories—to fathom with eager arm the depths of the mess-chest and bring to light the neck, cork and upper half of that bottle that was, causeth mourning. As the way of a man with a maid is as nothing compared to the way of a man with a julep—those saddest words, "it might have been," in connection with such a disaster, are certain to be too harrowing to the soul and cause a wreck of conscience. Besides, after all, oxygen and the titillating champaign-like spring waters of many a Luggernel Alley—will revivify and delight one if in milder degree, yet with a pure and health-renewing bouquet of which the bibber of artifices knoweth naught.

Stand upon the debris gathered below some gigantic crater, the fires whereof went out ages upon centuries ago, and trace the silver lines of rivers, threading the many hues and glooms and glories of their valleys far below. They seem the narrow, yet the shining ways, whereon in yon impalpable mysterious distance one might find the limit of life and the wide joy of the plains of heaven, and it requires even less uplifting of the soul to fancy yonder the ineffable beauty of the gates of pearl, pillared and barred and based with light, etherially traced against the illimitable sky.

And then as if to lead one to the Truth by the Word which is in Nature, the quaint, mystical foreground trees, the conformation of the rocks and slopes, recall what one has heard and thought of lands of sacred story, until the very winds that come seem replete with the full meanings and memories of those that blow off Lebanon. And if there is no inspiration there, beyond the reach of all the rhapsodies possible to be devised in color or in words, then Art is truly dead,—there can be none on earth.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

BY DUDLEY BUCK.

The increased importance attached to the study of music in this country, is one of the most refreshing signs of the times, and yet it has thus far received but a tithe of the attention which the future will assuredly give it.

No country stands in greater need than ours of the influence which the cultivation of this art is sure to exert. Although it is claimed that we are absorbed in mere money-making, yet some of our rich men have already begun to show an interest in encouraging music and the sister arts. Welcome as this is to the profession, the great encouraging sign lies in the fact that the children are beginning to sing and play. Why? Very frequently because *unmusical* parents desire it, and give them the opportunity. These parents have arrived at a sort of glimmering perception of the fact, that, along with many other things, their own education was neglected in regard to music. What does it matter if Mr. Jones does give his children musical advantages solely because he finds Mr. Brown is having *his* children thus instructed? This may not be a very high art-standard, but is it not after all a sort of gentle